



YOU CAN'T
GET UP
RIGHT NOW.



A black and white illustration of a woman with long dark hair lying on a bed. She is wearing a white, off-the-shoulder, long-sleeved dress. Her eyes are closed, and her expression is peaceful. The bed has a dark frame and a light-colored pillow. The background is a simple, light-colored wall.

SINCE YOU DON'T
HAVE ARMS OR LEGS.

Winter Woods



WHEN WILL
YOU LEARN.



ROY WAS THE ONE WHO FIRST TAUGHT ME HOW TO SPEAK.

REPEAT
AFTER ME.

MA-STER

M-M....





WHEN I HAD ARMS AND COULD LIFT MYSELF,
HE TAUGHT ME HOW TO WRITE.



(A) AI (B) BEE! (C) CEE!

WHEN I FINALLY HAD LEGS,
I COULD SPEAK A BIT AND READ EASY BOOKS.

AREN'T YOU TIRED?
WHY DON'T YOU
GET SOME SLEEP?

A person with dark hair, wearing a light-colored long-sleeved shirt and dark pants, is sitting on a dark wooden bench. They are looking down at their hands, which are resting on their lap. A speech bubble is positioned above their head, containing the text "I DON'T UNDERSTAND THE QUESTION, BOY." The background is a plain, light-colored wall.

I DON'T
UNDERSTAND
THE QUESTION,
BOY.

...IT WAS MY
FAULT FOR ASKING.



AND WHEN I COULD MOVE AROUND
LIKE ROY AND MY MASTER

I COULD TALK LIKE NORMAL AND
EVEN UNDERSTAND MY MASTER'S BOOKS.



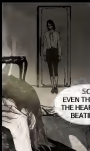
AS ROY PUT IT,
I WAS "ALL GROWN UP NOW."

ALL THANKS
TO ME!



BUT I HAD A VERY BIG PROBLEM.





SO
EVEN THIS TIME
THE HEART ISN'T
BEATING...

HE CAN'T FEEL
ANYTHING EITHER?



YES, AND...



HIS RIGHT ARM...





ONLY MY RIGHT ARM ALWAYS FELL OFF..

BUT NOT ONLY DID I NOT FEEL ANYTHING IN MY HEART-

I DIDN'T EVEN KNOW WHAT EMOTIONS WERE.



SO MY MASTER WENT AND GOT AN ARM AND
SOME ORGANS FROM SOMEWHERE

AND THEN I HAD TO LAY ON THE OPERATING TABLE
THAT DAY.



WHEN I CLOSED AND THEN REOPENED
MY EYES, I HAD A NEW ARM,



BUT IT TOOK A LONG TIME TO CHANGE
THAT LITTLE LUMP IN MY CHEST.



AND EACH TIME, I WOULD WATCH
MY MASTER'S FACE CAREFULLY.



HIS EYES...





HIS SWEAT..

EACH TIME HE SAID IT WAS ALL FINISHED,
I WOULD HAVE A NEW SCAR ON MY BODY.



BUT NO MATTER HOW MANY SCARS I GOT,
I COULDN'T FEEL ANYTHING MOVING INSIDE MY CHEST.



AND MY RIGHT ARM KEPT ROTTING AWAY.





CRUNCH...





WHY DOES MASTER
KEEP EXPERIMENTING
ON ME?



I CAN ALREADY
MOVE SO WELL



AREN'T I LIVING?





NO, YOU'RE DEAD.

THEN WHAT DOES
'LIVING' MEAN?

...ACTUALLY,
I'M NOT REALLY
SURE EITHER.

OF COURSE,
I'M ONE OF HIS SUCCESSFUL
EXPERIMENTS. BUT I'M STILL
JUST A CREATION TOO.

CRUNCH

CRUNCH





UPSET?

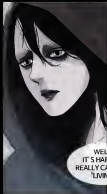
DOESN'T IT HURT?
DOES IT MAKE YOU
ANGRY OR UPSET?

SEE?
YOU'RE TOTALLY
DIFFERENT.

USUALLY,
LIVING THINGS HAVE
SOMETHING CALLED EMOTIONS.
EVEN THE SMALLEST
OF CREATURES.



BUT YOU...



WELL,
IT'S HARD TO
REALLY CALL YOU
"LIVING"



THAT'S WHY MASTER
KEEPS EXPERIMENTING
ON YOU.

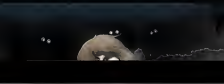


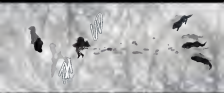




H-HELP ME!



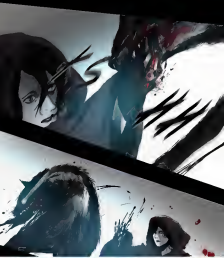
















Winter Woods

STORY BY COSMOS

ART BY VAN JI

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